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The New Year.

In France New Year's day is the great day of the year. It is to the French child what Christmas is to the young people of America—the day for the giving and receiving of presents.

In the gloomy old royal palace of Madrid, also, the first day of the year is a happy and merry festival. The Queen Regent takes care that all, even to the humblest servants, have a share in the so-called aguinaldos, or New Year's bounties.

But it is in Russia that the boys find themselves most completely masters of the situation on New Year's day, for in that land the opening day of the year is especially the children's festival.

The boys rise with the sun, taking care to fill their pockets with dried peas and wheat. Then they go from house to house in a riot of fun. As doors are never locked it is easy for them to effect an entrance. The dried peas are to be thrown at their enemies, but the wheat is for their friends. They sprinkle it upon any of their friends whom they may be fortunate enough to find asleep, and hurl the peas with stinging force at their enemies.

After breakfast the handsomest horse in the village is brought out, its trappings are decorated with evergreen and berries, and the animal is led to the house of the nobleman of the place, followed by the pea and wheat-shooters of the early morning. The lord admits horse and guests to his parlor, where all his family are gathered. This is the greeting of the peasants, old and young, to their lord and master. The origin of the custom is shrouded in mystery, but it is supposed to date from very early times.

Morocco's Youthful Ruler

(Rev. Fred. Weiss, Missionary in Tangier, in 'The Christian Herald.')

Morocco is a land where the ways of life are the same to-day as they were a thousand years ago; a land wherein man may still be the slave of man, and where woman is no more than a creature of man's passions. The present Sultan, Abdul Aziz, is in favor of reform; he is trying to do what he can for his country; but the old statesmen are not favorable to a change. 'What has been good enough for our fathers,' they say, 'is good enough for us.'

Good government and intelligent cultivation will work an improvement in Morocco, by which it might attain to a place among the nations. Almost all kinds of grain might be freely grown here, and the country is rich in minerals. It is a country of great natural resources, which only need to be developed.

Slavery is still a recognized institution in Morocco, the victims being brought across the Sahara and the Soudan. Slave-hunts in the Soudan and in other parts of Central Africa are conducted by Mohammedan Arabs, who fiercely contend that they have the sanction of the Koran for these crimes. 'I am heartsore,' wrote David Livingston, 'and sick of human blood. Slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at night, horrified by their vividness.' A great many of the slaves never reach the markets at all, dropping dead along the roads, from wounds made by the slave-driver's whip or from exhaustion. Let us remember Morocco in our prayer, and also the missionaries who are toiling day by day to lead the people to Christ.'

About one-half of Morocco is living in rebellion against the present government. The rebels are mostly mountain tribes.

ABDUL AZIZ, THE YOUNG SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Very few of the people living in the country and mountain district ever hear the Gospel. It is dangerous to travel among some of the tribes. The missionaries make long journeys on horseback, camping out at night, and each night they must camp near a village or city, and get protection from the Kaid of the city. He usually sends two men to stay with travellers who visit his town, the traveller paying the watchmen for their work. This you must do in Morocco; if you do not, the government will not be responsible for results. We hope soon to be off, visiting and distributing tracts and Bibles among the people of the interior. Our missionary band is well, and our Heavenly Father has supplied strength for the work. We are reminded each day of his watchful care over us, and he has graciously supplied our every need.

I am sending you, with this letter, a photograph of the present Sultan. The photograph was taken by a missionary, for whom Abdul Aziz has a very high regard. The Sultan is now twenty-three years old, and I am glad to say that he has accepted a present of a Bible from the hands of this same missionary, which Bible he has in his palace now. Let us hope and pray he will read it often, and accept its truths.

Sultan Abdul likes to ride the bicycle. His dress in the photograph is that worn by his country people. It is called the Gelab. He rides in this dress around the palace grounds.

Fez, the Sultan's capital, lies between two hills at the end of a plain. It was built by Mauli Edrees II., in 807 A.D. Its

two principal mosques (there are many others), are the Karueen and Mauli Edrees II. Christians and Jews are not allowed to pass the streets while the mosque doors are open; these streets are sanctuaries of refuge for criminals and debtors. No one can touch them as long as they remain there. When any one of these refugees wishes to go to court or to the Sultan for justice, he takes down an ornamented text from the wall of a mosque (of which there are many), and carries it under his arm. The Karueen is the largest mosque in North Africa. Mauli Edrees is a centre for devotees and pilgrims, while the Karueen is a centre for students, who attend classes there, living in barracks surrounding and belonging to the mosque. A large number of students are fed daily by the government and also by private charity. The studies are chiefly religious. The business men among the Moors are really the educated people; and, as a rule, it is the influential merchants who become successively customs administrators, governors, ambassadors, or ministers of the court.

Geo. S. Miner Special Gift Day Schools.

Superintended by Harry R. Caldwell, A.M., Foochow, China.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—I wish to express to you and to the readers of your paper my hearty thanks for favors recently received through it and them. During the past few weeks I have received numerous letters and communications from friends in Canada and Newfoundland whose attention had been called to our work through some little article which had found its way into the columns of your paper. You cannot realize the real assistance you have thus rendered this department of our Lord's work among the poor children of China, but I do trust that you will in God's own good time gather many precious sheaves through the help thus rendered to this darkened portion of his vineyard.

At the present our schools number about one hundred and twenty-five, and are scattered over an area of some hundreds of miles. Into these schools are gathered from the heathen as well as the Christian home the little ones who together are learning of our Saviour. We rejoice to see the little children leading their aged parents into the kingdom of God. During the quarter just closed we have seen entire villages swept clean of their idols and almost every family bowing at the foot of the cross through the direct influence of a single school buried deep in the very heart of heathenism.

There certainly can be nothing of which this great nation is in deeper need than Christian education. This forms the very frame of our day-school work. The Government itself is seeing the great lack of the people along the line of education and is erecting numerous institutions of learning. One of the requirements for admission to these schools is the worship of the Confucian tablet which, of course, bars the way of our Christians entering these schools, so we must arrange some means by which we can give our native Christions greater advantages along the line of education. We are taking care of some thousands of the children in our day-schools and could easily care for several times that number had we the means to take that advantage of even one-half the opportunities afforded us. In some way we must give our young men greater advantages for attaining an education. When it comes to a matter of $12.00 standing between one of these bright young men and a full year's schooling in one of our higher institutions of learning we can but pray God for a few friends who will send us scholarships for a number of these young men who are knocking at the door for admission into our schools. We need a few scholarships, and possibly some reader of the 'Northern Messenger' would be glad to thus invest some of their Lord's money, if so, please send money to Dr. H. K. Carrol, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, or direct to me, in either case specified for scholarship in Boys' Boarding School.

Now allow me again to express to both the Editor and readers of the 'Messenger' my hearty thanks for the manner in which you have remembered our work, and in conclusion I would say that I would be glad to receive anything in the line of picture cards, Berean Leaf Clusters, or literature. I also have hundreds of old coins, many of which are 3,000 years old, which I would be glad to exchange for stamps cancelled or uncancelled from any country. Yours in the Master's service,

HARRY R. CALDWELL.

The Prayer-Meeting and the Pastor.

(Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

The prayer-meeting is the one meeting of the church which is most completely in the hands of the minister, and with which custom or tradition ought to have the least to do. The plan of it should be so flexible that it can be adapted to the seasons, and be made to change with the changing moods of those who attend it. Many a minister has killed his prayer meeting by holding it through the year rigidly to one fixed type, allowing no variation or shadow of turning.

If the minister loves the meeting, he will sacrifice himself for it. He will make himself of no reputation, and be found in the fashion of a modest Christian. He will not monopolize all the time, nor convert himself into a selfish Gradgrind, treating the members of the church as so many pitchers to be filled. Some men have a fashion of opening a meeting by saying everything upon the topic which can possibly be said. They are experts in the art of opening their mouths, but they do not know how to open a meeting. The meeting closes up while they speak, and becomes as dumb as a clam. Instead of saying, as they do frequently say, 'Now the meeting is open,' they ought to say, 'The meeting is now shut.' If the leader of the meeting is going to give a lecture, let him give it, and close with the benediction. But, if he really wants to open the meeting, let him open it by keeping still.

But suppose that laymen are reluctant to speak. Then let the minister be patient. He must learn to labor and to wait. Training people to do things they do not know how to do is a part of the work to which a minister is called. He is a teacher and the teacher does not do for his pupils what his pupils ought to do for themselves. He is a poor teacher who works out immediately every sum in arithmetic over which a pupil stumbles, or who reads every Latin sentence that causes the slightest perplexity. It is the business of a teacher to train his pupils to do things which are difficult, and which can be mastered only by long-continued application.

Speaking in prayer-meeting on religious themes or concerning the experiences of the spiritual life is not an easy thing for the average mortal to attempt, and the majority of professing Christians will never do it unless trained to do it by a minister who has tact and patience. To rail at people because they do not do it, to nag them with such exhortations as 'Do not waste the time!' 'The time is passing!' to scold because the meeting is dull and stupid—all this is proof, not of total depravity in the people, but of sheer incapacity in the leader. Men who are in the habit of consoling themselves by the thought that they have a stiff-necked and rebellious congregation, a peculiar people who cannot be induced to take interest in prayer meetings, ought to examine themselves and ask whether the root of the difficulty may not, after all, be in their own disposition and methods.

Post Office Crusade

Another request has come from India from a missionary for 'World Wide' to be mailed to a native principal of a college. Thanks to 'A Friend of Missions,' who sent $1.00; 'A Friend at Seaforth' for $1.00, and 'Good Cheer' for 25 cents, all the student list is paid up and some in hand for this new call. The kind letters with these gifts are indeed 'good cheer.' As it's more blessed to give than to receive, those good friends must have had a special blessing, for my heart warms over the letters and gifts.

'World Wide' for special reasons is of value in India for a particular class of readers not easily approached or influenced. A young girl in India would like to get the 'Girl's Companion' and Canadian stamps. Is there a little girl who wants her address? A boy of seven in India wants Canadian stamps.

For replies send stamped addressed envelopes. Faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.
112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.

The Old Year and the New.

(Lucy Bennet.)

The Old Year taketh down her tent,
Beneath the midnight sky,
For many a stormy wind hath rent
The canvas stretched on high.
But lo, New Year, with silent tread
Her snow white canopy doth spread.
Meet shelter for the heaven-bound traveller's head!

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00, for Great Britain, Montreal and foreign countries, except United States, add 50 cts. for postage.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Cousin Emily's Revolt.

(Carroll Watson Rankin, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Two persons stood upon the narrow plank walk at the outer edge of the long ore dock. One was a small, soberly-dressed woman of perhaps forty years of age. The other was a tall, radiant girl of seventeen. Their eyes were fixed upon a huge ore-carrier, steaming slowly out into the clear blue of Lake Superior. Five handkerchiefs of varying dimensions fluttered gaily from the stern rail, and five happy faces smiled back at the two watchers silhouetted against the ore-stained timbers of the dock.

'What an advertisement they'd make for tooth-powder!' said Katherine, watching the receding boat. 'Did you ever see such a beaming lot? Isn't it lovely for them to have a chance to take a lake-trip? Wasn't it nice of Uncle Joe to think of sending them all? Isn't it fun to see folks off?'

'No,' said her companion, unexpectedly, 'it isn't.'

'Why, Cousin Emily! Anybody'd think you weren't glad to have them go. Think what a change it will be for mother! Ten whole days without a mite of housekeeping to think of!'

'Of course, I'm glad for your mother's sake; she really needed the rest. But you just wait, Katherine, until you've been seeing people off for forty years, without ever going to any place yourself, and see how you like it! I've seen people off on steamboats and ore-carriers, on special trains and private cars, and just plain every-day cars since I was born; but I haven't been a dozen miles from home in all that time.

'First of all, I saw everybody off to the Centennial. Did I go? Not a bit of it! Young as I was, I had to stay at home with your grandfather's sprained ankle. Then all the family went to Mary Banning's wedding, and left me at home to poultice Uncle Timothy's felon. Did I go to Green Bay to Forepaugh's circus? Did I go to Chicago to the ope-a? Did I get to the World's Fair or the Paris Exposition? Did I——'

'Why, Cousin Emily!'

But Cousin Emily, after a silence of forty years, was airing an unsuspected grievance, and paid no heed to astonished Katherine's interruption.

'Did I go to the family gathering at Madison? No, I didn't. Somebody had to stay in the house to keep the water-pipes from freezing, and I was that somebody. Did I go to the last whist tournament? I wanted to, but somebody had to stay with Cousin Anne's teething baby, and of course I was the one.

'I didn't even get to Grandfather Perkins's funeral. I saw all the family off in a private car that time; but I was left at home with the Denberry twins. There are those twins on that boat this very minute; and here am I, seeing them off and staying here myself to chaperon you.'

'I'm sorry—' began Katherine.

'Oh, you needn't be. It isn't your fault. It isn't anybody's fault, unless it's mine. I tell you, Katherine, it doesn't pay to be a useful person. But come; let's go home. The boat went around the point two minutes ago.'

The plank walk was none too wide. While there was no actual danger, it was necessary to proceed cautiously in order to avoid rubbing one's garments against the ore-crimsoned timbers on the one hand, or tumbling unceremoniously into the lake on the other. So Katherine led her more timorous second cousin along the narrow ledge, up the steps and into the safety of the broad, covered walk in absolute silence.

'Well, that's over,' said Cousin Emily, examining her sleeve for possible ore-dust. 'Katherine, I want you to promise never to tell anybody what I said about being sick of seeing people off and never going anywhere myself. I'm ashamed of myself for saying it. The family has been as good as gold to me all these years. I think I must have been tried and nervous after flying around all the morning trying to get everybody's things packed in the right bags. I'm afraid now that I put your mother's thimble in Tom's suit case.'

'All the better,' laughed Katherine.

'ISN'T IT FUN TO SEE FOLKS OFF.'

'She'd hem all the way from here to Cleveland if she had it. If Tom finds it he'll throw it overboard to keep her from sewing. Never mind, Cousin Emily. Rub out that anxious wrinkle and come along! I shan't tell a soul about all those trips you didn't take.'

And Katherine did not; but the girl who had never in her life planned anything for herself, since she had so many others to plan things for her, spent several days in deep thought. This was so unusual that Cousin Emily sent surreptitiously for the family doctor, who felt the girl's pulse while pretending to shake her hand, and then gravely recommended a freckle lotion.

Katherine's father was not wealthy, but on her mother's side the family was a large and influential one. It included one millionnaire, one mine-owner and three railway men. To be sure, the millionaire was stingy, the mine-owner eccentric, and the railway men too busy to be bothered; but Katherine was not the girl to be hampered by trifles like these.

'Pooh!' said Katherine, tearing up a six-page letter, the result of an hour's hard labor. 'Uncle John hasn't time to read all that. He doesn't read anything but telegrams. I'll write him a telegram and send it by mail.'

Dear Uncle John,—Please send me one hundred dollars by return mail. Will explain later. It's all right.

Katherine Denham.

'It's all right if Katherine says so,' said the stingy millionnaire, making out a check for seventy-five dollars, and then tearing it up and replacing it with one for an even hundred. 'There's the making of a fine business woman in that girl. Any other woman would have written a book.'

Then she wrote another uncle as follows:—

Dear Uncle Joe,—I want a trip pass to Cleveland and back for Cousin Emily, for boat after next. It's all right.

Katherine Denham.

'Then it is all right, since Katherine says so,' said Uncle Joseph. 'It must be quite a while since Emily has had a boat trip. I don't remember sending her a pass. She deserves a dozen.'

Next Katherine wrote to the most promising of the three railway men:

Dear Uncle Peter,—I want passes for Cousin Emily from Cleveland to Buffalo, New York, Washington and Boston, and any place else you can think of, and back to Cleveland again. She's going down by boat. It's all right.

Katherine Denham.

'Bless her soul, of course it's all right!' said the railway magnate, making out passes with his own hand. 'Her Cousin Belle wrote eleven pages when she asked for a pass from Milwaukee to Chicago, and I had to get her letter typewritten before I could read it.'

Katherine displayed such a deep and mysterious interest in the postman the following week that cousin Emily began to fear that the chaperoning of a young woman of seventeen was a position of no light responsibility.

The mystery was explained, however, when Katherine appeared one morning in Cousin Emily's doorway, with a radiant countenance, numerous slips of paper and a work-basket.

'There!' said Katherine, with dancing eyes. 'These are all yours!'

'Mine!' exclaimed Cousin Emily. 'What are they?'

'A little of everything,' replied the plotter. 'A lake trip, railway trips, a jaunt to Washington, a trip to the seashore, a trip to Boston, another to New York—you're to stay a month if you want to.'

'Katherine, you told!'

'I didn't! I never said a word!'

'But you explained——'

'Nothing,' said Katherine. 'This family's too large and too honest for explanations. Here, if you must cry, take my apron. But you haven't time. You're to go the minute the others get back. I've come prepared to sew on buttons by the quart and braid by the mile. You'll have to have some clothes, you know. It's a blessing your spring suit is so new!'

The day of Cousin Emily's departure dawned. The relatives that went to see her off formed a scattered procession that reached from one end to the other of the long ore-dock. Now that their attention was called to the fact, they all realized that quiet, unobtrusive, helpful Emily had

lived all her life in the little village without a glimpse of the world beyond.

'Really,' said Katherine's mother, waving a handkerchief energetically after the departing boat, 'I'm afraid we've all been abominably selfish. We've given Emily half a dozen homes among us, to be sure, and we've provided her with all she could eat and wear; but I'm afraid we haven't been quite as thoughtful as we should have been about her pleasures. Now I come to think of it, she has always been the one to stay at home; and no one has ever heard her complain.'

Katherine tipped her hat over a pair of telltale eyes, and grabbed a small nephew by the arm just in time to save the boy from disappearing over the side of the dock and herself from the necessity of a reply.

With Cousin Emily gone, the family seemed singularly incomplete. No one else could put the Perkins baby to sleep. No one else could bathe the Denham baby to his satisfaction. For no one else would Grandfather Denham's gruel attain the proper consistency. And it suddenly became evident that no other member of the family was competent to make buttonholes in the Denberry twins' shirt-waists. Even Katherine began to wonder how she was to exist for an entire month without Cousin Emily at hand to twist up her rebellious locks.

When, therefore, just five days after her departure, Cousin Emily walked in unannounced, she was greeted with joy, as well as with no little astonishment.

'How in the world,' gasped Katherine, almost dropping the Perkins baby in her surprise, 'did you get back so soon?'

'Soon!' cried Cousin Emily, seizing the baby and shedding tears of joy down his neck. 'Soon! It's been the longest week I ever lived. I was so homesick for this baby, and the Denham baby, and Grandfather Denham and the twins, that I left the boat the moment it touched the dock at Cleveland and came home by rail on the very first train.'

'But you had no pass—'

'I had money!' said Cousin Emily, triumphantly.

'Do you mean to say that with a pocketful of passes to Washington and Boston and Buffalo and New York and everywhere, and a boat pass besides,' gasped Katherine, 'that you bought and paid for a ticket, and wasted all those passes?'

'Yes, I do!' said Cousin Emily, hugging the Perkins baby ecstatically 'I'd have come by telegraph if I could.'

'Well,' said Katherine, in a tone of deep disgust, 'I see I wasn't as smart as I thought I was! Next time I plan a trip for you I'll include a few grandparents, all the babies and all the twins; and I'll go along myself to see that you don't waste even a fraction of a pass.'

At first Katherine was keenly disappointed at the seeming failure of her plan; but when little, undemonstrative Cousin Emily, still fairly beaming in her joy at being home again, threw both arms round Katherine's neck as she kissed her goodnight at bedtime, saying that in all her forty years she had never known a happier day, Katherine felt that perhaps, after all, the trip had been a success.

Cigarettes often contain the following poisons: nicotine, arsenic, creosote, saltpetre, tonca flavoring, opium.

The Unexpected.

(Mary A. Sawyer, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'Dear me!'

Mrs. Hamilton rose swiftly from her seat at the sewing-machine and hurried into the hall to answer the telephone bell. A few moments later she came back and resumed her work.

'Dear me!' she said again. 'It is so vexatious, when I told him this morning that we had plenty of cold meat. Partridges are dear now, too, for they are out of season. And I did want to get this dress of Gracie's done before dark.'

She stitched for a few moments longer. Then gathering up her work she folded it away in her large work basket.

'If I am to cook partridges for supper, I must have a coal fire. So,' glancing at the clock, 'I must get it under way at once. William is always punctual when he is bringing home anything he especially likes for his supper.'

She reproached herself for this remark almost instantly. 'Of course he likes a variety; why shouldn't he have it when he works hard to supply all our need? He grudges me nothing—why should I be vexed over this little extra cooking?'

Her annoyance was but temporary, therefore, and when she heard her husband's step in the hall she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to him, cheerfully,

'Bring your partridges down here, William, I'm all ready for them, and the fire is burning splendidly.'

Receiving no reply, she went back into the kitchen. He had not heard her, but he would be down directly, she said to herself. She went into the dining-room and turned the gas higher. He might come through it, and it would not do for him to stumble against the table.

A few moments later her husband joined her. His voice was cold.

'Why are you down here?' he said, in a displeased tone.

'I wanted to be all ready for your partridges. Where are they?'

'My partridges? What do you mean? When did I say anything about partridges?'

'Not two hours ago. You called me up, and said you would bring home partridges for supper. And so I came down to have everything in readiness. They can't be cooked in a moment.'

'You will not be troubled by them tonight. I said nothing about partridges.'

'You certainly did.'

'You are mistaken.'

'I heard you distinctly. You said——'

'I said I intended to bring home Partridge, George Partridge. And I must say I expected to find you upstairs instead of pottering down here.'

'You must explain my mistake to him. He is a sensible man. He will understand why I was not there to receive him.'

Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little. 'Partridges! Partridges! I can't think how you could confound the two!' he said.

'I thought I understood you, but never mind now. You must go back upstairs at once. Send the children down in a few moments, please. I'm afraid they are not quite tidy.'

'Tidy!' in a voice which brought a swift color into his wife's cheeks—'tidy! Well,' moving toward the door, 'I'll send them down, and you must get off that calico dress.'

'I'll change it before I see him. Go up and stay with him, do! I must alter the table and get up a different meal altogether.'

'It seems as if a man never could bring home his friends and find things as they ought to be,' muttered Mr. Hamilton, leaving the room in evident ill-temper.

At the close of the evening, after the departure of their guest, it became plain to Mrs. Hamilton that his displeasure had not materially lessened by the appetizing supper she had prepared, nor by the pains she had taken with her own personal appearance. He stopped suddenly before her, after pacing up and down the room.

'When I bring home a man like Partridge, a man of brains and education, it is strange you can't appear as if you knew what he was talking about! If you don't know anything about history, for pity's sake, need you say so? I'd read until I did know something, if I were in your place!'

The tone, the words, seemed brutal to Mrs. Hamilton. She controlled herself by a great effort.

'I would like to read. I would like to be a thoroughly well read woman. But with the house and the children and the sewing and the cooking, I really cannot get the time.'

'Fudge! Nonsense! Where there is a will, there is a way.'

'Not always.'

Mr. Hamilton resumed his restless pacing of the room. 'I'd find the time to know something about my own country, I guess!' he declared.

Mrs. Hamilton left the room quietly. There was still an hour's work to be done downstairs, she said.

'Fudge! Nonsense!' retorted her husband.

A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton came home to his supper at his usual hour. He opened the door with his latchkey and found himself in an unlighted hall.

'Clara!' he called.

'Yes. What is it?'

'The gas isn't lighted, and the hall is as dark as a pocket!'

No response came from the sewing-room at the end of the hall, from which a faint stream of light issued. Stumbling toward it, Mr. Hamilton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he pushed the door open. In the one large easy chair sat his wife. Upon the table beside her was a shaded lamp. In her hand was a large book, and upon its pages her eyes were fixed. She did not look up when he entered the room and walked up to the table.

After a moment's stealthy scrutiny of her face he turned away. He went back into the hall and struck a match noisily, and lighted the gas. Then, feeling his way, he went downstairs. Instead of the bright, cheerful dining room, with the table attractively spread for the evening meal, he found darkness.

Uttering a purposely loud exclamation of disgust, he went into the kitchen. Here, too, was darkness. Striking several matches, he at last succeeded in reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes when the strong light filled the room. In the sink were the breakfast dishes, unwashed; on the tables were plates of broken food; on the stove were the unwashed kettles and pans.

Mr. Hamilton strode through the cold room and called to his wife.

'Clara! What has happened down here? Has the range given out? Where's supper?'

No reply came. He hurried upstairs, breathing heavily.

'Clara, what's the matter?'

Mrs. Hamilton turned a page and read with absorbed attention.

'Clara!' shouted her husband from the doorway.

She looked at him for a moment.

'Not so loud, please!' she said, returning to her book.

'What's the matter? Clara, I say, what has happened to the range?'

Mrs. Hamilton turned another page.

A sudden fear seized upon her husband. Insanity! She had lost her senses!

He stole softly across the carpet and grasped the book she held.

'Don't!' she said. 'Pray go away. You are interrupting me.'

'Clara! Are you sick, or are you crazy?'

'Sick? No. Go away, do. I am so interested.'

Her tone was natural. Mr. Hamilton discarded his momentary theory of insanity. His voice became more imperative.

'It is supper time! Where are the children? Where is the supper?' Clara,' loudly, where is the supper?'

Mrs. Hamilton partially closed her book and looked at him.

'The supper? You said the supper?'

'I did!'

'Well,' yawning, 'I suppose it is getting late, but I must finish this book. I don't care about food, but I do want to know who succeeded to the throne after——'

'The throne be hanged!' interrupted Mr. Hamilton. 'Where are the children?'

'The children? Let me see. Oh, I remember! You'll find them at your sisters. I——'

'At Helen's? Why in time did you send them there?'

Mrs. Hamilton resumed her reading. 'Four days for housekeeping, two for my reading,' she said, quietly.

Mr. Hamilton stared at her for a moment. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

'I see! I understand!' he said.

He left the room still laughing. He whistled as he went to the kitchen.

In a few moments his wife joined him.

'I'll see to things down here, while you go for the children,' she said; 'but, William, before you go, tell me this—Is it possible for a woman to keep up her education while she is doing housework, mending, sewing, receiving callers, and making calls, etc.?'

'I was a brute that night, Clara. You know more than most women do.'

'No,' sadly, 'I have not kept up as I should. But I mean to, William. The children must wear plainer clothing, and so must their mother, for their mother must not be an ignoramus.'

'And their father must not require such a vast amount of cooking as he has in the past. He must be content with simple meals.'

'The cooking is more important than the frills, the latest sleeves, etc. The time for reading must be taken from the unimportant matters.'

Mr. Hamilton thought with a keen regret of the work he had so often thoughtlessly made for the patient woman who stood beside him. He stooped and kissed her with a tenderness which brought quick tears to her eyes.

'Two heads are better than one. We'll talk it over by and by. In the meantime, help me to begin the New Year well by giving me bread and milk to-night. The children will like it, and so will their father.'

Mr. Hamilton went after the children presently. As he passed a church he saw a multitude of people entering it.

'The old year out—the new year in!' he thought.

He walked on with new purposes forming in his mind. The new year should be different from the old—there should be more time found for the enjoyment of life. Things should be made easier for his wife; they would make life higher and holier. It should be a new year—a year of love to God and love to man.

He spoke of these thoughts, that were stirring him so strangely, that evening. He was alone with his wife. She listened with sympathetic interest. She said little, but her few words satisfied and cheered him.

He arose and stood by the window when the clocks rang out the year. Soon the worshippers in the church filled the streets. Something of the solemnity of the hour passed from them to him. He looked up into the deep mysterious realm of starry space, and a strange new sense of companionship came to him. He found himself repeating words long half-forgotten: 'If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee. The Lord is thy keeper.'

Presently the sound of footsteps in the street died away. All was still again.

'The old year out! The new year in!' he said. 'Thank God for the desire to make it a better year!'

His heart was full as he turned away from the window.

'The old year gone! Gone with its burden of selfishness and thoughtlessness! The new year here! What will it be?'

The vision of the past grieved him sorely, but again he was comforted. 'The Lord is thy keeper. He that keepeth thee will not slumber.'

'Hail and Farewell.'

Good-bye, kind year! we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wealth of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

Good-bye, Old Year! with words of grace,
Leave us to him who takes thy place;
And say, Old Year, unto the New,
Kindly, carefully, carry them through,
For much, I ween, they have yet to do!

So the tale of the months is told,
Ever new and ever old,
Ever sad and ever gay,
As the years go on their way.
With a smile and with a tear,
Cometh, goeth, each New Year

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Miss Delinda's Thimble-Finger.

(Susan Teall Perry, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Chloe Bradley was standing on a kitchen chair tying up the morning glory vines. There was a bright look on her face as she looked at the artistic arrangement she had given them as they gracefully twined in and out of the lattice in front of the porch. It was early in the morning and the pretty flowers of various colors had just opened to the new sunshine.

'Is that you, Chloe, up among them vines?' called out a rough voice.

'Yes, here I am,' Chloe replied, jumping down from the chair. 'Good morning, Mr. Barton. Is it not a perfect morning?'

'It couldn't be beat,' said the farmer, as he stepped on to the porch. 'Miss Delindy wanted me to stop on my way to the grist mill and tell you that she's got a felon on her thimble-finger and she can't finish your dress as she agreed to. She feels awful bad about it, because she knows you've jest set on having it to go to the seashore with when your school closes. Felons are pesky things, Chloe, and no mistake. She hain't slept a minute for three nights and days, and she says she's jest as nervous as a witch.'

Chloe Bradley's face had a look of utter disappointment on it, as she said, 'O dear me, what made her get a felon on her finger now when I want that new dress so much. Of course I can't go a step now, and I had planned to have such a good time. There is no one else to make that dress anywhere about, that I know of. Just my luck.' Mr. Barton's team were getting restless and he jumped on to his grist bags and drove off.

'I'm just as provoked as I can be,' the young girl said, as she encountered her grandmother coming out of the kitchen door with a lunch box in her hand which she handed to Chloe. 'Miss Delinda has had to go to work and get a felon on her thimble-finger just as I am going away and want my new dress finished. It's a perfect shame.'

'Why, Chloe Bradley, how you do talk. The poor thing, how I pity her. If you ever had a felon you would know how to be sorry for her. You talk as if she had that felon on purpose. It is a quarter of nine o'clock and you'll have to hurry off to school or you will be late.'

It was the last week of school, and the next week after vacation began Chloe was going to the seashore with some friends who had kindly invited her to be of their party. Chloe had had but few outings in her life; she had always lived in the small inland village which only boasted of one store, post-office, school building and two churches. The invitation to see something of the outside world was a great event in Chloe's young life, and necessitated the getting of a new dress which she and her grandmother went to the county town to select. This was quite an event in her life, too, and she was very proud and happy when she took the material and the trimmings to the one dressmaker in the village. 'It's a fine piece and the color will wear well,' Miss Delinda said, as she ran her thin fingers over the smooth woollen goods. 'It will become you, Chloe. I'll make it up real nice.'

She had told the school girls what Miss Delinda had said, and closed by saying,

with a rising inflection of her voice, 'Isn't she a dear?' And now she was going to school with a woe-begone face to tell the same girls of her disappointment and that she could not understand why Miss Delinda should have gone and got a felon on her thimble-finger just when she needed that new dress so much.

As soon as school was out Chloe went to see Miss Delinda about her dress.

'O, I'm so sorry, so sorry, that I can't finish that dress for you, as I promised, Chloe Bradley,' Miss Delinda said, with the tears running down her cheeks. 'It will be an awful disappointment to you, I know. If it was only some other finger I'd try to bear the pain and get it done for you.'

'Of course I shall have to give up going, that is all there is of it,' replied the young girl in an aggrieved tone of voice, and I shall never, never get the chance again in my life; could not Mary Sturgis finish the dress off?'

'O no, she has only been here learning the trade three or four months; she couldn't hang a skirt fit to be seen, and she would get the trimming crooked and the whole thing would be spoiled. Maybe my finger will get well in a week or two and I can finish it.'

'That will be too late, my friends will have gone then. I may as well make up my mind that I can't go,' and with a very unpleasant look and manner Chloe went out of the house.

'O, if she only knew the terrible pain I am suffering she would not talk so,' said Miss Delinda to her neighbor who had come in to care for her. 'But she is young, and so anxious to go to the seashore that I s'pose I ought not to blame her.'

'That girl doesn't seem to have any feeling at all,' the neighbor said as she put a fresh poultice on Miss Delinda's swollen aching finger. 'Girls are not what they used to be in my day. We thought something about other folks, but the girls of this age are all for themselves and having a good time. Chloe isn't much like her grandmother. She is one of the salt of the earth.'

The letter to the friends who had proposed Chloe's joining them in their outing had to be written that night. In it Chloe told the exact truth that she could not go without a new dress and the one dressmaker in the village had a felon on her thimble-finger and could not finish it, so with great regret the outing, so far as she was concerned, would have to be given up, and all for the want of a new dress.

After she had written the letter and read it to her grandmother, she burst into tears. 'It was just horrid; such a turn of events. Miss Delinda had a felon just because she wanted to go so very much. If it had been anyone else who was to have the outing it would not have happened.'

'Chloe, dear,' said her grandmother, 'did you ever read the sweet poem about our disappointments oftentimes being God's appointments for us? I have noticed many times in my life that the things that did not go my way after I had set my heart on them, often turned out to be not the best way for me and I saw that my father in heaven knew better what to withhold from me and what to give me.' But Chloe cried herself to sleep.

This all happened in the long bright June days when the daylight comes early, and at break of the next morning Chloe's grandmother came to her bedside.

'I have to go to Miss Delinda's immediately,' she said to Chloe. 'Mr. Barton has come for me. Miss Delinda is delirious and is talking all the time about your dress. She is most burned up with a fever, and Dr. Gamwell has sent to town for another doctor. He says it is more than a felon that ails Miss Delinda.'

'O, I'm so dreadfully sorry I acted so and talked so to her, grandma. Do you think Miss Delinda will die. I want to go right over and ask her to forgive me.'

Chloe got up and dressed herself and went with her grandmother. 'I hope I can make the poor thing understand that I want her to forgive me.'

When Chloe went to Miss Delinda's bedside and the suffering dressmaker cried out, 'Have you come for your dress? It isn't done. It isn't done. I can't get it done for you to go away with and I'm so sorry. I could not help it, Chloe, I could not help it.'

'I don't want the dress, dear Miss Delinda. Don't worry about it, please. I'm not going to the seashore. I don't want to go and leave you, I'm going to stay home this vacation and help take care of you,' and Chloe put her cool hand on Miss Delinda's hot forehead.

'You called me "dear," didn't you?' asked Miss Delinda. 'Nobody has called me "dear" since my mother died years and years ago.'

'I was very thoughtless and unkind, and I hope you will forgive me.'

'O, I couldn't blame you, Chloe,' spoke Miss Delinda. 'You see I've worked at dressmaking over twenty-five years. I always made a point to do as I agreed. I know folks want their dresses when they're promised, and I don't blame them for being upset when they don't get them, but things come sometimes to hinder that you can't help.'

The doctor found his patient's temperature some degrees less when he came again and felt encouraged.

When Chloe went to school that morning she told the girls how sorry she was that she had talked so unkindly about poor Miss Delinda and made such a fuss about not getting the new dress. It was of so little consideration in view of the suffering of the faithful dressmaker.

All the weeks that followed the close of the school were weeks of suffering to Miss Delinda. The trouble with her finger proved of such a serious nature that it had to be amputated. The thimble-finger that had done such good service had done its work forever. Through all this trying ordeal Chloe was, as Miss Delinda said, 'a veritable angel of mercy' to her.

'Grandma,' said Chloe one evening, 'I believe what you said some weeks ago, that our disappointments are often God's appointments for us. If I had gone away as I wished and planned I should not have learned the beautiful lesson of putting aside self to think and do for others. I am sure this sweet lesson will help me all through life and make me a blessing to those with whom I come in contact.'

It is not easy for us to give up our daily life work for years, but when the new dressmaker came to take Miss Delinda's place, and finish off the unfinished work, the one who handed it over thought, 'This giving up would be so much harder to bear, if it was not for dear, good Chloe Bradley.'

My Dead.

(Frederick Lucian Hosmer.)

I cannot think of them as dead
  Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread,
  They have but gone before.

The father's house is mansioned fair
  Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
  Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
  What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

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The Population of Europe—By Paul Leroy Beaulieu, in 'L'Economiste Francaise.'
The Inner Life of the Kaiser—By T. P. O'Connor, in 'M.A.P.,' London.
The Report Stage of the English Education Bill—The 'Daily Mail' and 'Morning Post,' London.
Echoes of the Education Controversy—'Westminster Budget.'
Mr. Hardie's Arrest—'Punch.'
An Impression of New York—By Maitre Decori, from 'Le Figaro,' Paris.
A Doukhobor in London—The 'Daily News,' London.
Tolstoi Denounces Socialism—Extract from essay, reviewed in the 'Courrier des Etats Unis,' New York.
The Future of Handwriting—'The Spectator,' London.
The Frivolous Man—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

An English Artist in Japan—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Play—The 'Saturday Review,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Not for that City.'—Poem, by Charlotte M. Mew, in 'Temple Bar,' London.
Grandmother—Poem, by Violet Tweedale, in 'Chambers's Journal,' Edinburgh.
Browning and Tennyson—'The Nation,' New York.
Mr. G. A. Henty—'The Athenaeum' and 'Morning Post,' London.
Board School Types—III.—Scholarship Boys—By B. Paul Neuman, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
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LESSON I.—Jan. 4.

Paul and Silas at Philippi

Acts xvi., 22-34.

Home Readings

Mon., Dec. 29.—Acts xvi., 9-12.
Tues., Dec. 30.—Acts xvi., 13-15.
Wed., Dec. 31.—Acts xvi., 16-21.
Thurs., Jan. 1.—Phil. i., 1-6.
Fri., Jan. 2.—Phil. iv., 4-08.
Sat., Jan. 3.—Rom. v., 1-5.
Sun., Jan. 4.—Matt. v., 10-12.

Suggestions

1. A meeting in Philippi. What are the hours of meeting at your church? Here was a meeting at midnight. We have meetings in churches, also parlor-meetings and even outdoor meetings. But here was a meeting in a dungeon. We have meetings by daylight, by lamplight, by candlelight in some parts of the country, by gaslight and by electric light. Here was a meeting in the dark. How many were at this meeting? There were only two who joined in prayer and praise; a number of others heard what was going on, but they did not sing or pray, and we do not hear that they were addressed. Two are enough for a meeting, if both are eager to pray, but why did these two hold a meeting in such a place at such a time? They were in prison for doing good. Read Acts xvi., 16-20. Some business men did not like their income to be diminished and so had the apostles taken up. In the same way, liquor-sellers of our own time oppose temperance work because it interferes with their profits.

2. Now let us ask how Paul and Silas got here. Paul used to travel with Barnabas, but Barnabas wanted to take his young cousin, Mark, to the island of Crete, to convert the people he had known in his youth, so 'Paul chose Silas' and went to visit the churches he had founded in Asia Minor. When he reached the western coast of Asia, God told him in a dream to go over to Europe. Read Acts xvi., 9-10. So Paul and Silas crossed to Philippi and here we find them in a Philippian prison, not complaining at all but singing praises.

3. There was an after meeting. Did the leader ask inquirers to step into the vestry, and did polite ushers open the doors? No, the doors were opened, but it was by an earthquake, and an inquirer 'sprang in trembling.' He inquired in a loud voice 'What must I do to be saved?' and Paul answered his question at once. How many Christian families in Philippi do we read of in this chapter? What book of the Bible was written for these and other Chistians at Philippi?

Explanations.—Stocks: an arrangement that held the feet firmly so that the prisoners could not move about or turn. Any child can see how uncomfortable that would be. 'Would have killed himself?' The government would have punished the jailer if he had let the prisoners get away, and he thought it more honorable to kill himself than to be killed. When he became a Christian, he doubtless learned how wrong suicide is.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Jan. 4.—Topic.—How to get a fresh start.—Eph. 4 : 22-32.

Junior C. E. Topic

Monday, Dec. 29, 1902.—To pray more.—Ps. 5:3.

Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1902.—To be kinder.—Matt. 10:42.

Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1902.—To help more.—I. John 3:18.

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903.—To love Christ more.—Mark 12:30.

Friday, Jan. 2, 1903.—To work more.—I. Cor. 15:10.

Saturday, Jan. 3, 1903.—To give more.—2 Cor. 9:7.

Sunday, Jan. 4, 1903.—Topic.—What shall I promise Jesus for the New Year?—Ps. li, 10:15; lvi., 3:4.

Suggestions to Teachers

(James Edmunds, in 'The Standard.')

Be a master of the subject.

Assign work in advance.

Provide for the physical comfort of the pupils.

Awaken an anticipation of an interesting lesson.

Arouse curiosity.

Assume a commanding position. Do not sit with your back to half of the class. Stand up!

Give the pupil something to do.

Be animated in manner.

Be deeply, earnestly interested.

Be quiet and self-controlled.

Be sympathetic for and with your pupils. 'Try to feel with the children; to understand their natures, and to discern what is going on in their minds.'—Fitch.

Present the subject on the level of your pupil's power to understand.

Cause the subject to change.

Vary methods of instruction. Avoid routine.

Teach objectively. Cultivate your pictorial powers.

Teach illustratively.

Ask carefully prepared, though awakening questions.

Question inattentive pupils.

Teach confidently. Speak firmly, articulate clearly.

Address the questions to the class, then call upon one to answer.

Teach one thing at a time.

Teach with authority; what you know, not what you think.

And when you lose the attention of your pupils, stop teaching, and stay stopped until you get it again.

And here are some common practices of teachers that conduce to inattention: Cramming on the lesson instead of preparing it. Not preparing the lesson at all. Being slow and prosy and indifferent in manner. Asking 'quarterly' questions. Sitting with the back to half of the class. Preaching instead of teaching. Failing to connect the lesson with life as represented in your scholars. Continuing with the lesson after attention ceases or beginning before it is secured.

Prayer Preparation

(Rev W. H. Griffith-Thomas.)

Every lesson should be prepared in clear view of the personal needs of the scholars, with the individual members ever in mind. The characters of our scholars should be ever before us as we are gathering and arranging our lesson material. This will give definiteness, incisiveness, point and power to our teaching on the Sunday.

This personal aim should also take another form. We should prepare and teach with a view to immediate results, and not merely to the future. Probably the leakage of our elder scholars may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that teachers do not teach so much in view of immediate impression as in hope that 'some day' God's Word 'shall not return to Him void.' Assuredly it will not, but that is no reason why we should not aim at an immediate 'return.' Even if this be not granted, we have not been doing wrong or harm in aiming at it. And it would doubtless be granted oftener if we expected and worked for it more. Every lesson, then, should in some way aim at immediate application to present needs.

All this will, of course, mean work—hard work, earnest work, self-sacrificing work; but this is why we are here and allowed to remain. No Christian service is worthy the name unless it costs. It will mean not only the careful and prayerful study of the lessons, but also the equally careful and prayerful study of our scholars, their natures, their temperaments, their tendencies, the element common to all, and the characteristics of each. Every true teacher will realize the necessity of this, and the blessed fact that it is well worth while.

What is the Teacher's Aim?

(Dr. Worden, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

One word of Scripture will express this—the salvation of souls. However, we may divide the word salvation and state our aim thus: The bringing of scholars to Christ; to build souls up in Christ. All other things in the school are simply means towards conversion and edification. All our study of the Bible, our acquisition of educational methods, our scientific and literary culture, our mastery of language, our classification and management of our scholars, our questionings, our illustrations and adaptations, our very prayers, tears and longings, our teachings, public and individual, our visits, our writing of letters, our entire life and influences, conscious and unconscious, are but humble instruments to work out the salvation of our scholars. The teacher who realizes this fixes his eyes on the conversion to Christ of every unsaved scholar and the upbuilding of every saved scholar. He is not content indolently to murmur 'there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.' He will do as little rough work as possible. He hews toward the line, nor will he indolently pray for the conversion of his scholars and there leave the matter. Because God works in him to will and to do of his good pleasure, he will work out, with all determination, concentration and persistence his own and his scholars' salvation with fear and trembling. Beyond and through the salvation of these souls he will see shining the glory of God, the manifestation of the divine life, love, justice, wisdom, truth and power, and to see this and to accomplish this is the chief end of man. Toward this the teacher presses, by aiming at and working for the immediate conversion and edification of his scholars. The teacher who realizes all this also realizes that he can as little accomplish this without the aid of God's Spirit as he can create a soul.

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Andrew Murray says: 'If we loved others with the love of God, how much more power there would be in our work, how much more sacrifice of time and of ease in praying to God for souls; how much more intercession! Oh! If we loved aright, how much more sacrifice of comfort! how often would we work as I read of a couple of missionaries in China some years ago, asking, 'What more can we sacrifice for Jesus?'"

LITTLE FOLKS

New Paths.

('Early Days.')

It was the 25th of June, a beautiful Sunday evening. The whole country lay bathed in soft golden sunlight, with a Sabbath stillness reigning over all, scarcely broken by quiet voices of worshippers on their way to the house of God. Overhead sailed great heaped-up masses of white frothy clouds, already showing, as the sun neared the west, faint streaks of yellow and pink upon their crimped edges. Many heads turned to cast a backward glance at the beautiful scene ere they entered the church door; then the organ sounded the first deep note, and loiterers hastened to take their places.

Effie Harris, sitting with her father and mother, was not paying much attention to the service this evening. She was thinking of her white rabbit, which she had quite forgotten to feed, and wondering whether there would be time to gather some parsley after church, unnoticed by Harry and Meg, who, if they saw it, might possibly tell-tales. The problem fully occupied her mind for some time, and was only dismissed when, half way through the sermon, a sentence, very earnest and very quiet, suddenly caught her ear.

'Why will you not ask the Lord Jesus to take you to-night as his own for ever? Would you not like to feel, as you walk this world from day to day, that he is beside, within you, guiding controlling and blessing you.' life?' Effie listened. Times without number she had heard the message but it had never seemed to touch her. Now there arose in her heart a longing, a kind of wild desire to possess this thing. As she pondered, the beauty and happiness of this life grew in upon her consciousness, and with almost a bounding heart she knelt at the close of the service, and straightway gave herself to the Lord Jesus.

The congregation streamed out and turned homewards, Effie amongst them. She was deeply happy. It seemed to her as though, without any exaggeration, she had entered upon a new and wholly different existence, a life of sunshine and power unspeakable. She felt almost an eager desire to meet and conquer the old foes who had held her so long enthralled. Effie knew them well. Selfishness—how often she used the word 'can't,' and how slow to run and spare other feet, tired though they might be! Sharp words—how quickly they came out, sometimes upon the smallest provocation! Untruthfulness—a sudden question, with maybe a swift punishment depending upon the answer, or, quite as often, careless exaggeration. These things would be different now.

The twilight was stealing over all as they walked home, and now and again a breath of soft sweet air, deliciously cool as only country air can be, fanned their faces. All was peace, and Effie, passing into the house, was about to betake herself upstairs, when suddenly there flashed into her mind the remembrance of the starving rabbit, untouched since early morning. 'What shall I do?' was the instant thought. 'Father and mother are strolling in the garden, and if they see me gathering food they will ask me why I am doing it, and then I shall be punished for cruelty. Perhaps I had better wait until it is darker, and then they will go in, and nobody will see me.'

How Satan loves to use the trifles of daily life to tempt and distract us! The temptation was fierce, and almost the little servant's foothold had slipped in this her first encounter; but she looked away, looked upwards, and the strength came. She went into the garden, gathered bravely several handfuls of greenstuff, and was carrying it off when, with a great start, she heard the dreaded sound.

'Effie,' her father called, 'what have you there?'

'Food for my rabbit, papa.'

'Why are you feeding it now? Did you not give it anything when I told you it was starving this morning?'

A moment's silence, then—

'No, papa.'

'And why not, Effie?'

'I quite forgot.'

'I have spoken to you several times about this carelessness, which is cruelty,' said her father sternly; 'yet it seems to have no effect. If such a thing happens again, your rabbit must go; as it is, I cannot allow you to spend the afternoon with the others at Mrs. Thorpe's house on Tuesday.'

In silence Effie turned away, but her heart was almost bursting with disappointment, and she could scarcely see for tears to unfasten the door of the hutch.

Was this, she thought, to be the invariable end of every effort to do as she knew the Master would have her do?

An afternoon spent with the Thorpes—nobody knew better than Effie herself what a time of unalloyed pleasure it always was. A hot flush of shame burned in her cheek as the thought came, adding double bitterness to the loss.

'What will they think of me when they hear that I cannot come?—for Mrs. Thorpe is certain to ask the reason.'

But soon returned the remembrance of him whom she had just promised to serve, and clasping her hands in the darkness, Effie lifted her tear-stained face and sent up an earnest cry for help and guidance, come what might. She finished the task which had cost so much, and then went quietly into the house and up to bed.

Meg, with whom she shared a room, was seated at the dressing-table trying on a hat and veil which Winnie, her eldest sister, had carelessly left there, instead of consigning to her own apartment. Harry, who in passing the door had caught sight of proceeding operations, and idly entered to offer remarks, was sitting, doubled up and speechless with laughter, upon a chair; for Meg, in trying to adjust 'the machine,' had punctured a huge hole just above the nose, and her look of horror, with the nose extending the fissure, was beyond all gravity. But Effie's entrance stayed the laughter, as Harry, seeing the tear-stains which she had vainly tried to wipe away, immediately became anxious to know the cause.

'What's up, Eff?' he asked. 'Have you broken anything, or what?'

Effie divested herself of her hat before answering; then, with a strong effort to speak calmly, she said:

'I am not going to the Thorpes's on Tuesday.'

'Not going! Why ever not?' said the amazed Harry.

'Because I forgot to feed my rabbit, and papa said I should not go.'

There was silence for a moment; then Meg, whose conscience reproached her for the manner in

which she had been spending her Sunday evening, besides feeling very uneasy about the ruined veil, said, rather crossly :

'You are always getting into hot water about that rabbit. I wouldn't have been such a goose as to lose my day for a wretched animal like that.'

Effie felt the tears starting to her eyes again, and dared not trust her voice to reply. Conscience told her that it was, after all, her own fault, and no injustice on the part of her father. She sat down to her evening reading, and opened the little Bible so often neglected before, but invested now with a new charm and preciousness; while Harry, somewhat surprised at this gentleness and quiet face, got up from his chair and betook himself to bed, confidently announcing to Meg as he left the room that he expected she would have to stay at home also for having driven her beak through the strawberry-net. Effie got into bed that night with a happy heart; the temptation lay behind conquered, and before and around lay the new love, from which nothing could separate her. She slept, at peace.

It was early the next morning when Effie awoke. She drew the clothes more comfortably round her, and was turning over for another nap when there flashed into her mind a dim, undefined feeling of something pleasant and something disagreeable. Slowly she grew wide awake, and then the new gladness and the great disappointment presented themselves distinctly to her recollection.

'Never mind,' thought little Effie; 'it will be all right, because the Lord Jesus knows all about it now; after all, I did deserve it, and it will be a lesson to me.' Then she glanced at the clock—six to the minute.

'No more lying in bed,' was the next thought.' I must get up early and be at work before breakfast.'

Off came the bed-clothes, on went shoes and stockings, and soon the business of dressing was in full swing. Half-an-hour later, Meg, who slept very soundly, awoke to see her sitting in the window quietly reading, and was so struck by the sight that her sleepiness all vanished in a moment, and she demanded an explanation of this phenomenon. Effie gravely replied that she awoke early, and did not want to lie in bed; whereupon Meg immediately concluded that she must have risen early in order to learn her forgotten lessons.

At breakfast-time, Winnie, having discovered the damage to her apparel, appeared with a most wrathful countenance.

'Mamma,' she began, 'I think you really ought to punish Meg. She has torn my veil to pieces, and it was quite a new one.'

'Meg,' said her mother, 'why did you do such a thing ?'

'I was only just trying the hat on,' said Meg, inwardly quaking at the thought of sharing Effie's fate, 'and the veil caught; Winnie left it in my room.'

'As if that is any excuse !' burst in Winnie. 'You had no business to touch it.'

'Winnie ought not to leave her things about,' said the mutual parent of plaintiff and defendant; 'but you are very wrong to spoil what does not belong to you; now sit down to breakfast, and don't let me hear of you doing so again.'

Immensely relieved at such a peaceful issue of the matter, Meg sat down beside Effie with a most contrite air, which was somewhat out of keeping with the stealthy glances of amusement, not to say triumph, which she shot at Winnie, who was showing unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction by buttering her bread on both sides.

After breakfast the customary adjournment was made to the schoolroom. Winnie, as eldest sister, filled the post of governess to the younger ones; an arrangement not conducive, as a rule, to peace and happiness during lesson-hours. The sister-teacher strives to the best of her ability to uphold her authority, while the sister-pupils are only concerned to prevent that authority from overstepping its lawful boundary as defined by themselves. Effie was generally at war about something, being high spirited and very passionate, while Meg, of a calmer turn of mind, kept out of open strife, but proved just as aggravating from her consummate laziness and mischievous propensities.

To-day lessons began under rather a cloud. Winnie was cross about her veil, Meg had not prepared her work; Effie alone brought out her books and steadily applied herself to them. Presently Winnie spoke :

'Bring me your French reading, Effie.'

Effie promptly obeyed, feeling very secure in the knowledge that the required work was quite ready. In the middle of the reading there came a sentence which Effie translated in one way, Winnie in quite another.

'I am sure this way is right,' said Effie, 'because I looked for the expression in the dictionary, and one just like it was given there.'

'It's not right,' replied Winnie; 'you must write it out for being careless.'

'That's not fair, Winnie, because I did look.'

'Three times for answering,' was Winnie's reply.

The old passion was aroused, and, furious at the injustice of the punishment, Effie yielded.

'I won't; it's only for spite,' she said.

The book was shut and thrown upon the table, with the words, 'You may write out the rest of your reading.'

It was over in a moment—the temptation and the fall; but Effie turned and went to her place in utter despair and wretchedness. She sat down and began the task, her passion all gone, replaced by shame and sorrow that the morning begun with peace should end in the same old way, with anger and wrong-doing. As she worked there rose from her heart a humble prayer for forgiveness and strength, and at the end of twenty minutes she carried the exercise-book to Winnie for correction, quietly saying as she presented it, 'I've done this, and I am sorry I was rude.' Greatly surprised, Winnie reviewed the work in silence, and handed it back again, merely remarking constrainedly that it was tidy. Meg, watching the proceedings, pondered over them, and wasted a considerable length of time in wondering what could have come over Effie.

Lessons came to an end at last, other occupations supervened, and the day passed on; and when Effie, tired but happy, crept into bed that night she felt that in spite of all, to be a child of the Kingdom was better than everything else.

The forfeited party came off the next day, and Effie had to be an onlooker only; but she helped the others to get ready, and was so bright about it that they really began to wonder whether she minded so very much having to stay at home; they would have thought differently, had they seen the bright drops stealing into her eyes, but quickly brushed away, as she watched them out of the gate and up the road. It was late when they came back, and Effie had already gone to bed; but Harry rushed in as he passed her door, and deposited on the foot of the bed a large peach which he had kept for that purpose, and Meg assured her that nobody guessed in the least degree why she did not come; whereat, it must be confessed, Effie felt rather relieved.

And so the days and weeks passed by, and the little traveller, with her light burning clearer and stronger as she went, stepped onwards and heavenwards. We cannot stay to follow her now; perhaps another day the threads may be gathered up again. But Effie was happy, very happy. She had, without doubt, her ups and downs; but underneath all was the deep everlasting peace and gladness which those who have it not can in no wise fathom. They laugh, scoff, wonder; and not until the light comes do they ever possess the 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE HONOR ROLL.

FOR WEEK ENDING MONDAY NIGHT, Dec. 15.

*Rev. C. D. Baldwin, Mallorytown, O.
BERTHA SEDORE, Virginia, O.
IDA JOHNSTON, Acton, O.
*H. RICE, Murillo, O.
E. KNIGHT, Castleton, O.
*E. GASTLE, Carlisle, O.
B. COMMON, Princeton, O.
M. WARD, Stirling, O.
MRS. C. ROBERTSON Hillsburgh, O.
J. INGRAM, Vigo, O.
B. KELLY, Toronto, O.
MARK HALL, Sharon, O.
M. BURTON, Rochester, N.Y.
J. McKELLAR, Fort Saskatchewan. N.W.T.
V. TAYLOR, Birchton, Q.
H. BOGGS, Holland Centre, O.
ALBERT DODD, Burnt River, O.
C. S. LEGGE, Yeovil, O.
M. BROWN, Kilsyth, O.
L. SHERRITT, Oil City.
***REV. G. G. Huxtable, Montreal, Q.
*MRS. C. ROBERTSON, Hillsburg, O.
E. H. DALTON, Carleton West, O.
*******REV. F. R. FYDELL. Dobbinton, O.
*METH. S.S. CLASS NO. 5, Vienna, O.
A. E. ANDERSON, Toronto, O.
*I. J. GLASGOW, Wardsville, O.
*E. W. JEWITT, Wardsville, O.
**W. POLE, Wardsville, O.
L. BESWITHERICK, Arizona, Man.
H. McLELLAN, Matawatchan, O.
MRS. E. MITCHELL, Holbrook, O.
*WILLIAM KING, Montreal, Q.
*******REV. C. W. WATCH, Shelburne, O.
M. REYNOLDS, Trenton, O.
GRACE DEMPSEY, Trenton, O.
E. A. WORSLEY, Swan River, Man.
JENNIE ORTON, Leamington, O.
N. A. McDONALD, Lorneville, O.
VERA ORTON, Leamington, O.
M. NEWCOMB, Cornwallis, N.S.
*MRS. J. M. McPHERSON, Allandale, O.
*MRS. J. BROWN, Hamiota, Man.
HILDA TEEFT, Winslow, O.
*F. W. PHILLIPS, Manitowaning, O.
F. GORMAN, Montreal, Q.
R. L. CAMPBELL, O'Leary Station, P. E. I.
J. MILLER, New Row, Coleraine, Ire.
*MARTHA SCOTT, Scotstown, Q.
J. W. HIBBERT, Newbury, O.
JESSIE CLIMIE, Listowel, O.
M. A. WADDELL, Almonte, O.
H. W. VAN VLIET, Lacolle, Q.
M. E. DUFF, Cookstown, O.
INSPECTOR STREET CHAPEL. Per T. S. Somers, Montreal, Q.
*BERT HENDERSON, Toronto, O.
*H. S. MALCOLM, Kinloss, O.
*F. MACARTNEY, Vienna, O.
E. COPELAND, Brantford, O.
*E. HOLDSHIP, Clarksbury, O.
*E. McALLISTER, Garden Hill, O.
*MAY BARTON, Sweaburg, O.
*O. POTTER, Porter's Hill, O.
*SEYMOUR EDMUNDS, Jasper, O
**CHAS. MINNIS, Leamington, O.
*H. VALENTINE, Toronto, O.
*MRS. J. GRIFFIN, Leamington, O.
*E. FURGUSON, Barrie, O.
*H. MOORHOUSE, Toronto, O.
C. BOOK, Mimico, O.
C. COOPER, Winston, O.
*LENA BEDFORD, Elmvale, O.
CELIA CLOUGH, Toronto, O.
*B. McKAGUE, Castleton, O.
*MRS. J. ALTRIDGE, Roebuck, O.
J. M. SPIERS, Alton, O.
*JAS. FLETT, Wiarton, O.
J. BUCHANAN, Elia, O.
JAS. PEAREN, Mt. Dennis, O.
MORGAN GOOD, Beulah, Man.
C. WINDRIM, Cresswell, O.
M. McKAY, Swan River, Man.
MRS. HEPBURN, Toronto, O.
*T. T. KIERSTEAD, Rothesay, N.B.
A. KINSMAN, Clarke, O.
BELLE HALL, Toronto, O.
V. CORNISH, Woodville, O.
*A. YELLAND, Bayfield, O.
P. BRACKEN, St. Catharines, O.
CLARA SMITH, Miama, Man.
*C. McMASTER, Wooler, O.
A. M. GILCHRIST, Minden, O.
L. HOLMAN, Toronto, O.
*L. BRIDGE, Lion's Head, O.
M. BROWN, Kilsyth, O.
M. A. LENTY, Burnhamthorpe, O.
J. M. HAMILTON, Shebeshekong, O.
*L. SHERRITT, Oil City, O.
*DAVID CARROLL, Cowal, O.
I. GILCHRIST, Toronto Junction, O.
MRS. W. MILNE, Brown's Corners, O.
MABEL DAVIS, Hamilton, O.
S. A. MILLER, St. Helen's, O.
**W. B. SMITH, Winona, O.
RUSSEL HOPKINS, Silver Water, O.
**A. P. LATTER, Sudbury, O.
***E. BELFRY, Owen Sound, O.
K. RUTHERFORD, Headford, O.
*ELLA GILBERT, Seeley's Bay, O.
I. J. NOURSE, Flanders, Q.
E. F. HAYMAN, Big Fork, O.
LYLE CLIMIE, Listowel, O.
MAY YOUNG, Mansonville, Q.
QUEENSBORO PRES. SS., Queensboro, O.
**MRS. J. COATES, Prescott, O.
CECIL LANE, Prescott, O.
SADIE STEED, Prescott, O.
**********REV. J. SCANLAN, Prescott, O
GEO. CHAPMAN, Salisbury, N.B.
MRS. C. EISENER, Dartmouth, N.S.
MRS. A. M. BECK, Dartmouth, N.S.
MAY EVANS, Saskatoon, Sask.
W. HOLLAND, Kingston, O.
M. C. SMITH, Forest, O.
CECIL THOMAS, Barrie, O.
E. BATESON, Creswell, O.
ANNIE TERRY, Deseronto, O.
*****R McCULLOUGH, Thomasburg, O.
*J. P. GRAHAM, Woodstock, O.
H. NEWMAN, Toronto, O.
*W. J. REILLEY, Ventnor, O.
WINNIFRED COLE, Barrie Island, O.
DORA WALLACE, Belleville, O.
*E. LEONARD, Embro, O.
L. J. TRAVISS, Holt, O.
N. E. BABBIT, Burton, N.B.
A. E. YOUNG, Burton, N.B.
R. WILLIAMSON, Cadmus, O
L. McLEAN, Gravel Hill, O.
*E. A. SKINNER, Weston, N.S.
B. McKENZIE, Southport, P.E.I.
***REV. J. W. BROWN, Butternut Ridge, N.B.
*ERSKINE CHURCH SS. per John Clark, Meaford, O.
*MRS. M. BOWMAN, Scotstown, Q.
R. L. SCAFE, Sault Ste. Marie, O.
*CENTENARY METH. S.S., McInnes, O.
*PEARL ROWELL, Inneskip, O.
S. T. GLENDENNING, Gananoque, O.
*W. McLEARY, Toronto, O.
MRS. H. SMITH, Bowen Island, B.C.
MRS. S. VAUGHN, Cottam, O.
*MRS. R. MOFFAT, Kemptville, O.
MRS. L. ARGUE, Carp, O.
*REV. H. G. GRATZ, Alberta, P.E.I.
*LULU PEART, Guysboro, N.S.
W. H. LAMBLY, Inverness, Q.
REV. R. CORRIGAN, Inverness, Q.
*REV. D. D. ELLIOTT, Magog, Q.
*MRS. J. W. DOBSON, Toronto, O.
*HORACE RANSOM, Toronto, O.
G. STUDHOLME, Toronto, O.
EDITH KNIFFEN, Dante, O.
*H. MACAULEY, Fulton's Mills, O.
*H. MACAULEY, Fulton's Mills, C.
L. GROWSHAW, Dayton, O.
H. HARBIN, Twilingate, Nfld.
MORRIS J. BEAN, Elora, O.
MRS. E. H. OLAND, Dartmouth, N.S.
H. B. FOLEY, Maddock, P.E.I.
REV. S. T. NEWTON, Farnham, Q.
J. FERGUSON, Rob Roy, O.
CORA HILL, Ingersoll, O.
H. BOULTER, Albany, P.E.I.
*JULIAN MOORE, Plainfield, O.
*GEORGE BISHOP, Norwich, O.
E. M. PORTER, Grafton, N.S.
C. McL. LAWSON, Grafton, N.S.
ALICE MACRAE, Upper Canard, N.S.
ALEX. BRYCE, Emsdale, O.
*A. A. SARGEANT, Eastman, Q.
**W. T. MORRISON, Bordeaux, Q.
MRS. M. R. CHESLEY, Lunenburg, N. S.
W. R. SPENCER, Coldwater, O.
H. MULLAN, Hudson Heights, Q.
MABEL LOWRY, Williamsford, O.
GEO. W. SNELL, West Brome, Q.
IDA BACHELDER, Magog, Q.
ORIN S. SHUFELT, West Brome, Q.
H. PRESTLY, Riviere Joseph, Q.
ETTIE E. DANDY, Pierson, Man.
******E. R. YOUNG, Port Carling, O.
R. HENDERSON, Windsor Mills, Q.
RHEA FAIRBAIRN, Toronto, O.
MRS. D. FLANDERS, N. Wolcott, Vt.
*HY. SWETLAND, Verdun, Q.
**REV. R. TAYLOR, Norwood, O.
L. C. MOLLET, South Salt Springs, B.C.
*DR. FORD, Milton, N.S.
CLEVEY SJOLANDER, Sherbrooke, Q.
GRACE T. MACLAREN, Hallerton, Q.
*VICTOR BUTTS, Lowville, O.
*HELEN LEGGET, Newboro, O.
*W. WALKER, Port Hawkesbury, N.S.

Total Signatures to date 55,932. 841 Pledges Received Since Last Issue.

All those with this mark after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge. Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional

The Rev. C. D. Baldwin, Mallorytown, Ont., heads this list as his list was the first received for the week beginning Tuesday, Dec. 9.

Temperance

A Poison.

('The Chicago Tribune.')

'It's a bad habit,' admits the smoker to his friend who asks with reference to his pipe, cigar, or his cigarette.

'If I ever catch you with tobacco in your mouth,' says this same man to his son, taking his own cigar out of his mouth for emphasis, 'I'll take all the hide off your back.'

But, according to a medical expert, this man, neither as friend nor father, conveys a shadow of the seriousness of his vice to either friend or son. He does not know it himself, says the physician, and, more than that, the doctor says that not even the profession appreciates the serious consequences that are inseparably connected with the smoking habit.

'It is a queer situation,' he says; 'while every authority is agreed that the use of tobacco is most harmful to a young person, there are physicians who will even prescribe it to a man as a sedative. And it is a soothing influence for just so far as its use as a drug makes tolerable; but one pipe too many makes it a source of irritability and nervous excitement.

'Look at it as a poison. Every pipe which has been used half a dozen times has enough nicotine in it to kill the smoker several times over. That it has not killed him is due to the disposition of the poison to stick to the pipe. But not all of this does so. How, then, about its unquestioned influence upon the system?'

'Again, as to tobacco, there is the unquestioned story of the man who stole a bunch of tobacco leaves from a Havana dock, secreted them under his clothes next the skin. He went on with his work, perspiring freely, and suddenly fell unconscious to the floor. Treating him first for sunstroke, the man's plight was discovered, but not till he had nearly lost his life.

'There are other stories sufficiently authenticated showing how a man who rubbed tobacco decoctions over his body for a skin disease was nearly killed by the poison; of the mother who rubbed tobacco ointment on her child's head and face, causing the little one's death; and of the man who died from swallowing an accidental dose of tobacco water.

'Probably every pipe that has been used half a dozen times contains a dose of poison sufficient to kill the smoker in a few minutes. Fortunately, it stays in the pipe as a rule. But most of us get a taste of what's there now and again.

'In one case a man got a particularly large quantity of this poisonous juice into his mouth. In a few seconds he fell, un-

conscious, and but for the presence of a doctor he would inevitably have died. As it was, his life hung in the balance for a long time, but was ultimately saved.'

Temperance Battle Song

(Tune: Hold the Fort.)

Clear the bar-room, break the bottles,
Set the drunkard free.
Clothe and feed his ragged children,
Hear their mother's plea.

Rally! Temperance workers, rally!
Break the drunkard's chain!
Rally round the Temperance banner!
This tyrant must be slain!

Drive the bar-room and the whiskey
Far away from here.
We can do without them nicely,
Cheer, my brothers, cheer!

Crush the cruel Liquor demon,
Drive him from our town,
Hasten! now then, hasten, brother,
Fear not Satan's frown.

Rally! Temperance workers, rally!
Break the drunkard's chain!
Rally! Christians voters, rally!
This tyrant must be slain!

There are children, who have fathers
Victims to this curse,
Shall we see them, like their fathers,
Go from bad to worse.

Let us guard those children bravely
From the serpent's fangs;
For that serpent, threatening daily,
Just above them hangs.

Rally! Christians voters, rally!
Break the drunkard's chain!
Rally! Temperance workers, rally!
This tyrant must be slain!

See the broken-hearted mother,
Weeping o'er her son.
How can we, who love our Saviour,
Let him downward run?

How can we, with blood bought money,
Hope to pay our way,
Careless of our drunken brother,
Sinking day by day?

Can we say we love our Saviour,
And our brother, too,
If we drink, and our example
Leads him to drink it, too?

Rally! Temperance workers, rally!
Break the drunkard's chain!
Rally! Christians voters, rally!
This tyrant must be slain!

—CECIL H. M'CLELLAN.

Alton, Nov. 18, 1902.

Temperance in Kansas

Senator Buchan, of Wyandotte, Kansas, says: 'I can't recall a single person who voted for the amendment that would now vote against it, while on the other hand you can find hundreds who voted against it who would now vote to retain it in the constitution. I voted against the amendment, and have never been a prohibitionist, but I prefer to cast my lot among respectable, law-abiding citizens as against law-breakers and nullifiers. I believe the state is better for prohibition. Crime has decreased, court expenses have been reduced, communities have been made more respectable, and individuals have been made happier for it.'

Hon. J. W. Hamilton, state treasurer, says: 'It is well-known to my friends that when the prohibition question was first agitated I was an anti-prohibitionist. I did all in my power to defeat the amendment. The prohibitory law has my endorsement not alone because it is the doctrine of my party, but because I believe it is right. I do not see how any fair-minded man who has lived in Kansas for the past five years can be otherwise than in favor of the law. I don't want my children, nor any other man's children, to grow up where they will be confronted by saloons every day of their lives. I am satisfied with the law, and shall vote and work to keep it in force.'

Hon. P. G. Lowe, formerly state senator from Leavenworth county, says: 'I opposed prohibition because I believed it not the best way to deal with the evils of intemperance. I voted against the prohibitory amendment. Hundreds of men who believed this law would prove impracticable, and work more evil than good, would not now vote for an open saloon for anything, and I am one of them.'

Pledge Crusade.

The Rev. J. B. Saunders, M.D., D.D., pastor of the Methodist Church, Cobourg Ont., whose picture we publish, sent three hundred signatures for the Temperance Pledge Crusade. A very simple plan was adopted in securing this large number of signatures. Pledge cards were printed and distributed in the pews, and he preached on the subject, and the congregation were asked to sign the pledge forms and put them on the plate in the evening. The teachers in the Sunday School were supplied with a pledge for each member of their classes, and the superintendent spoke on the subject and collected the cards. Dr. Saunders says he is having the names copied in a roll, to be framed and hung up in the church.

Correspondence

To-day we are telling our readers in brief what some of our correspondents said. We thank all our little friends for their nice letters.

M. Stella E. B., of Hull, Que., aged 13, says her father, mother and baby brother are dead some time. There are plenty of bears near her home. A neighbor was recently attacked by one.

Eunice Welsh, aged 10, lives on a prairie farm in Manitoba, three miles from Baldur. The school-house near is named Welsh after her father.

Carrie and Earl Streffeler write from Iowa City. Carrie says we never spell her name right and gives it as above. We hope we have it now. They both go to school and have various pets.

Lilian McP., aged 12, lives on a farm in Viola Dale, Man. They have six horses, three cows, twenty-four pigs.

Ella B., aged 9, writes from Ratho, Ont., saying that in the summer she went to Brussels and Goderich and saw Lake Huron.

Violet and Fannie Fee write from Banks, Ont. They go to a school called Gibralta.

Douglas and Alice Squires, writing from Coleman, Ont., say their school is named 'Jubilee' because it was started the day that Queen Victoria had reigned 60 years. Edith Schmidt also goes to the same school. She is in the third book.

Maria Coulson, aged 7, has her home with her papa and sister in Prince Edward Island. As her mother is dead, her eldest sister takes care of the family. She enjoys the 'Messenger.'

Eunice E. B., aged 12, writes a nice letter from Nova Scotia. When the river near her home is frozen she skates up to school. In the summer she went to Brockton, Mass., and saw lots of caged wild animals there.

Janie A. R. lives on a farm at Gravel Hill, Ont. She has four brothers and lots of pets.

Ina A., aged 10, has her home in Newcastle, on the banks of Lake Ontario. There is a fine harbor near.

Carrie M. lives at Fithian, Ill., and has a goat, fox, two cats, two owls, and a rabbit for pets.

Carrie B. C., aged 10, lives on a farm of 132 acres in Burlington, N.S., about two miles from the salt water. She has no brother nor sister.

Robert J. C. lives at Glasgow Station, Ont. He has a colt called 'Nellie' and a dog named 'Rover.'

Violet P., of Moonstone, Ont., is a little Barnardo girl who came from England last July to Boston on the 'New England.' She then went on to Peterborough, and now is very happy with a mother and father who adopted her. She writes very well for eleven years of age, but forgets that when sending a letter to be printed, it should be written on one side only of the paper.

Lila R. S., of Cambridge, N.S., made the same mistake of writing on both sides of the paper, and also did not use ink, but she wrote a nice letter. She has three cats and two dogs.

Everett L. writes from River Hebert, N.S.. There are two coal mines near his house called the Strathcona and the Kimberley. His eldest brother was on the harvest excursion this year and enjoyed it.

F. Herbert Rice lives in Annapolis Valley, N.S., between the north and south mountains. This valley is celebrated for its fine apples. They are going to have a new school-house with a bell or clock in the entrance.

M. T. writes from Wyevale, Ont. One of her sisters is married and lives in Southern Manitoba.

Bessie D., of Dalkeith, Ont., has a brother married and one going to college. She has two cats and a dog.

Lila I. N. lives on a farm eight miles from Fredericton, N.B. Her father drives the mail to it from Nasonworth once a week.

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather had taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, but he is dead now; the paper still comes in his name. I get it and read the correspondence every week. My papa keeps a store and post-office, two horses and one cow. For pets we have only a canary bird. My mother has a great many house plants and sometimes they bloom all winter. I have two sisters younger than I, and two brothers and one sister older. I go to school every day. My choice of studies are: spelling and writing; our teacher's name is Mr. Clindinin; my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hooper. The town of St. George is about eight miles from here, and 13 miles from here is the city of Eastport in Maine. BESSIE McC

Upper Musquodoboit, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the correspondence. I was very much pleased to see my last letter in print. I go to school and like it pretty well. I like reading very much. I think I like the little folks' page and the correspondence best. I am nine years old and am in the fourth book. I have two sisters and four brothers. My papa and one of my brothers own a threshing machine. My mamma has been taking the 'Messenger' for over twenty years. I was away on a visit to my aunt's in Dartmouth, N.S. I had a nice time with my cousin. We have three horses, eighteen head of cattle, and twen-

ty-two sheep. We had a very good crop of hay and grain this year and a good lot of potatoes and apples. We have a nice plum tree and it had over three bushels of plums on it this year. ADA A. B.

Central New Annan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for quite a long time and enjoy it very much. I go to school, and I am in the eighth grade. I have been going to school in Dartmouth, Halifax Co., lately. I sometimes crossed the harbor in a steamboat to Halifax. My last teacher there was Miss McKay. This summer as Miss McKay was coming to spend vacation in New Annan I came home with her. I was very glad to see my folks after being away seven months. I have a brother named Ross; he is 10 years old, and a little one, Willie, also a little sister named Fannie. Mamma has quite a large number of house-plants. We have some prospects of a railway running through New Annan, connecting Tatamagouche with Truro. I was 12 years old last September. LIZZIE K.

Harold, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on the farm and have quite a number of cattle; we send milk to the factory; we have four working horses and three cows; there names are 'Daisy,' 'Nell' and 'Dell'; I have a pet cow; she is all white, and I call her 'Pearl.' We have a dog and cat; their names are 'Jack' and 'Kit.' We have also a canary; she doesn't sing very much; her name is 'Maggie.' I have one brother and three sisters; they are all older than I am; my one sister goes to school with me; we are both in the same book. We have had a very wet summer. I have to go to school about three-quarters of a mile, and we don't like to go very much, it's so wet. We live eleven miles from Marmora, where so many men are engaged in the gold mines. I am nine years of age.

E. KATHLEEN B.

Big Bras d'Or, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for some time, and like it very well. I go to Sunday-school and day-school. I have two miles to go to school, and am in the tenth grade; I like drawing best of all my studies. I live near a brook on which there is a mill; there is a great deal of lumber hauled to it in the winter months; it is in operation all the year. I am very fond of reading and have read about 25 books, among which are: 'Evangeline,' 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'In His Steps,' 'Inez,' 'Kingsley's Heroes,' 'Macaulay's Lays' and 'Beautiful Joe.' I have quite a few house-plants, including fuschias, a rose-bush, pineapple, calceolaria and eight varieties of geraniums. U. G.

Living Springs, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school almost every day; I tried the Entrance this year, but failed; I am going to try again. We live five miles from the town of Fergus. I have three brothers and one of them goes to school. My oldest brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading the stories very much. The 'Weekly Witness' has been coming to our place for almost fifty years; my grandfather took it as soon as he came out from Scotland. The 'Messenger' has been coming ever since it was started, and it has always been liked. My birthday is on Feb. 16; I will be fourteen. I go to Sunday-school all summer. My father is superintendent, but we do not have any Sunday-school in the winter. JENNIE M. R.

(You are very faithful readers of our publications.—Ed.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

Closets, and Their Care.

(Mrs. A. C. McPherson, in the New York 'Observer.')

The average house contains too few closets, especially those built a score of years ago. The modern house, if comfort and convenience are the two essentials considered in its construction, will possess many closets. Each bedchamber ought to possess its closet, while kitchen and dining-room will have closets galore. A hall closet is one of the handiest places imaginable; many articles which cannot be placed upon the hall table or rack may be relegated to its seclusion. A closet in the parlor is a luxury—let me call it so—we have cognizance of only two homes having closets in parlors. The architect planned the one in the home of a friend very cunningly. It was unnoticed among panellings, etc.

Besides the closets enumerated a general closet will be found very convenient, especially if the family be large. This closet should be fitted with several shelves, upon which boxes, packages, etc., of articles belonging to the different members of the family can be stored, and where each one's possessions will not be invaded through mistake.

Closets should be aired often and cleansed at least once a year. No garment should be placed in a closet without first removing all dust, soiled spots, etc. Footwear should be well brushed, straightened, all creases smoothed out and then placed in their respective receptacles. Closet floors should be scalded with water, to which a few drops of carbolic acid has been added, afterward wash and wipe dry. Linoleum or oilcloth makes very good coverings for floors of closets, matting may be used also.

Where at all practicable, light and air should be admitted into the closet direct, where these two influences must be had indirectly the closet should be situated so as to admit of as much air as possible, when desired.

The closet does not always receive the proper attention it should, the laws of hygiene are often ignored, and thus disease is courted through ignorance or indifference. Closets in which the footwear of the family is stowed from year to year, even when past wearing, ill-smelling and green with mold, soiled, ragged or moth-eaten garments, which should have been given to the ragman long ago, pieces of carpeting, hats, soiled, battered and broken, musty books and magazines, odds and ends, feathers, discarded corsets, fit only for the fire, etc., these are the closets which send out microbes and endanger the health of the family. The real and true use of the closet should never give way to that of a mere 'catch all.'

Selected Recipes

Crumb Steak.—Put three-fourths of a pound of steak through a meat cutter. Mince a tablespoonful of onion and fry to a delicate brown in a little butter. Add the chopped meat, a cup of bread crumbs, half teaspoonful of salt, dusting of pepper and enough cold gravy or stock of any kind to mould into shape. Cool, shape, roll in crumbs, dip in beaten egg, again in crumbs and fry. If desired, serve with a little brown gravy poured around.

Bean Soup.—Wash your beans and soak them over night in water to which a little soda has been added, then rub them well to remove the skins which are absolutely indigestible and innutritious. It is mainly to the skins that we owe the gases generated by eating beans. Now place them in your kettle, cover with cold water and let them boil until tender, after which mash and sift through a fine sieve. Have a quart of milk and cream heating in a double boiler and thin to the proper consistency. Season to suit taste. Serve hot with strips of well toasted bread, also a slice of a lemon. This soup is very nutritious and good for children who are delicate, also for those who do not care for or wish to use little or no flesh food.—'Journal of Hygiene.'

HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER.

Gavin E. Robertson, Perry Station, Ont., says:—For twenty-seven years the 'Witness' has been a welcome visitor in our home. We feel that we cannot part company with it. Should the time ever come when only one paper comes to us that one must be the 'Witness.' May it long wield an influence for good from Halifax to Vancouver.

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